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BROTHERS IN ART:

GORDON KENNETH GRANT & CAMPBELL GRANT



They were joined by blood and talent. Gordon Kenneth Grant was an acclaimed muralist whose gifts were extinguished by a tragic accident. Campbell Grant was an artist, animator, and illustrator, whose works on Native American rock art remain classics in the field. The two shared a love for the landscapes of the American West and the cultures of its native peoples. They drew inspiration from an artistic synergy which ran through generations of their family and sustenance from a close-knit group of creative mentors and friends. They left a legacy in art and in the memories of those that they, in turn, inspired.

Roxanne Grant Lapidus, daughter of Campbell Grant, tells the story of these Brothers in Art in this issue of *Noticias*. She draws upon family correspondence, recorded memoirs, and her own recollections to trace the development of their art in personal terms. It is a story told from first-hand observation.

Front cover: Gordon Kenneth Grant, "Santa Clara Eagle Dance," ca. 1935. Tempera on plaster, 25" x 36". Courtesy of Mrs. Campbell Grant. Back cover: Detail from Campbell Grant, "Pictograph, San Emigdio Mountains, Kern County," ca. 1964. Gouache and pastel on paper, 35" x 23". Courtesy Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. All black and white photographs are from the collection of the Grant family.

THE AUTHOR: Roxanne Grant Lapidus is the daughter of Campbell and Clara Louise (Lou) Grant. She received her B.A. in French from Smith College in 1966. Her first published translation was Leon Diguet's account of his travels in Baja California which appeared in *The Rock Art of Baja California* by Campbell Grant in 1974. She has since published translations of over forty articles and two books. She serves on the board of the Carpinteria Valley Association and has written articles for *The Grapevine*, the publication of the Carpinteria Valley Historical Society. She is presently managing editor of *Substance*, A Review of Theory and Literary Criticism, an international journal with editorial offices in the Department of French and Italian at UC Santa Barbara.

PHOTOS ON PAGE 65: LEFT: Dudley Carpenter, "Portrait of Campbell Grant," 1933. Brown pencil on paper, 8 1/4" x 11". Courtesy of Mrs. Campbell Grant. Carpenter was an important mentor to young Campbell. RIGHT: Campbell Grant, "Portrait of Gordon Kenneth Grant," ca. 1933. Conté chalk on paper, 5" x 8". Courtesy of Gordon North Grant.

CHUMASH designs used with this article are from *Petroglyph*, a computer font designed by Judith Sutcliffe: *The Electric Typographer* in the 1980s, based on Campbell Grant's drawings.

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Michael Redmon, Editor
Judy Sutcliffe, Designer

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BROTHERS IN ART



Campbell Grant (1909-1992) and



Gordon Kenneth Grant (1908-1940)

BROTHERS Gordon and Campbell Grant, active in Santa Barbara art circles beginning in the late 1920s, were born in Berkeley into a family with strong artistic ties. Their paternal grandfather, George Grant,

had been sent from Scotland to work for the Bank of British North America in the wilds of British Columbia, and had eventually come south to San Francisco. A silver cup still in the family has the follow-



Roxanne Grant
Lapidus

*Dedicated to my brothers,
Gordon North Grant and Douglas Grant,
and my sister, Sheila Grant Witmer*

ing inscription, "Presented to George Grant by his Bank Associates of the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, San Francisco, in Token of their Love and Esteem, 1882-1910."

Sketchbooks he did during convalescence indicate that Grant was talented at pen-and-ink drawings, but the Scottish banker did not believe in art as a professional pursuit, as he wrote to his oldest son, Gordon Hope Grant (1875-1962). The boy had been sent "home" to Scotland at age thirteen to attend school, and the months-long voyage around Cape Horn had instilled in him a love of sailing ships and the sea, which he would immortalize in drawings, etchings, and paintings over the next sixty years. After completing school, young Gordon Grant was to begin an apprenticeship in marine architecture at one of the large shipyards on the River Clyde, but a depression hit the industry, and he was told to wait. "About ten months later the editor of one of the London newspapers saw some of my drawings and sketches and recommended that I abandon ship construction to study art."¹ Reluctantly, his banker father in San Francisco agreed. Gordon Grant studied art for three years in London at Heatherly's Art School and at Lambeth School of Art. He returned to San Francisco at age twenty-one and worked for a year as a sketch artist for the *San Francisco Examiner* before settling in New York. His father lived to see him cover the Boer War for *Harper's Weekly*, to illustrate such works as Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* series, and to send back rapid pen-and-ink sketches of the progress of the Panama Canal.

Gordon Hope Grant's two younger brothers, Kenneth and Douglas, were also artistic. As an aspiring artist, Douglas was sent to France during World War I with a camouflage painting unit. He later settled in New York as a free-lance illustrator, and

was known for his watercolors. Kenneth, the father of Campbell and Gordon Kenneth Grant, worked as an electrician, but constantly sketched cartoons for his family. In the family collection is one he made at age one hundred of a thistle, recalling the family's Scottish heritage.

Growing up in Berkeley

Kenneth Grant married Gertrude Veirs of Gilroy in 1903. Her father, Jesse Veirs, had worked on the frescoes in San Francisco's California Theater. Gertrude was born in San Jose and grew up in Gilroy on her stepfather Paul Cordes' ranch, described in local travel brochures as "778 acres with the Uvas River flowing through the middle of it."² In her late teens Gertrude had gone east to Mystic, Connecticut, to study music. While there, she had been injured in a railroad accident, which resulted in her losing both legs just below the knee. She was recovering back home and getting used to walking with prosthetic legs when she met Kenneth Grant.

The newlyweds settled in Berkeley, not far from the Grant home, *Highland Park*, in Oakland. The great San Francisco earthquake and fire struck on April 18, 1906, and that morning Ken and his father took the Oakland ferry to the city, where puffs of smoke were already visible. George Grant hurried to the bank, and Ken sped to the new Western Electric Company building on Folsom Street. In it was millions of dollars' worth of equipment for extending telephone service to the suburbs. Ken and a dozen other employees were assigned to protect the brick building, which had water stored on the roof and in an underground cistern.

In later years, Ken still remembered the events vividly:

The city knew about our water, and they sent three engines over to tap into it. But we wouldn't let them have it. We needed it for our shoulder tanks. What was the use of saving those one-story shacks around us? It was a godsend that they burned. For a day and a half they burned all around. It got so hot outside our building that the glass melted right out of the chicken wire in the windows. So we had chicken wire for windows. We had to keep the fire out by using the water from the roof, in our shoulder tanks.

We had all this equipment for Western Electric—ten million dollars' worth—that we had to save. We had made these cables, and they were wrapped in paraffin. The fire heated them up, and they just went pfft, like that, so we tore them out, tore them out. But we saved the building.

After it was all over, and the fire couldn't burn any more, we went outside, and here were those three fire engines, still backed up to our ramp. When it got too hot, the firemen had unhitched the horses and led them away. The engines were burned-out carcasses. The wheels had wooden spokes inside cast-iron hubs, and they had burned out, and the engines were there flat on their bellies on this ramp.

Our building was the only one left standing in the whole neighborhood. The company gave us each five thousand dollars later, in appreciation.

Seven months later, Ken and Gertrude's first child was stillborn—a son whom they tentatively called Gordon. On January 21, 1908, Gertrude gave birth to a

An important influence in the early artistic development of Gordon and Campbell Grant was their paternal uncle, Gordon Hope Grant. Here he visits with, left to right, Campbell, cousin Janet Hutchinson, and Gordon, in Oakland, 1925.



healthy son, named Gordon Kenneth Grant, for his artist uncle and for his father. Less than two years later, on November 7, 1909, Campbell Grant was born, named for "Grandma Campbell," the family friend who had taken Gertrude east to Mystic, Connecticut, and who now lived in San Francisco.

During the summers, Gertrude and the boys stayed at the family ranch in Gilroy, or spent time at Redwood Retreat, a nearby resort in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Family photos show four-year-old Gordon dressed as an Indian on the wide veranda of the Cordes ranch house, and Campbell playing barefoot in overalls and a large straw hat. Their father would visit on the weekends, sometimes driving down on his motorcycle.

There were also frequent visits to their Grant grandparents' house, where Campbell later recalled a glass-fronted bookshelf filled with "wonderful children's books." While the grownups played tennis on the dirt court below the house, Gordon and Campbell would play with their cousins.

Patriarch George Grant died in 1914, on the eve of World War I. His ashes were scattered on Mt. Tamalpais, one of his favorite hiking spots, and a plaque was placed in his memory on East Peak. His Australian-born wife, Grace Adelaide, died the following year, and the family home went to their youngest daughter, Ken's sister, Bess Shaw.

In 1917, when Campbell and Gordon were seven and nine respectively, their parents divorced. The boys remained with their mother, but saw their father on weekends. Gertrude Grant became involved in war work, and was a valuable counselor for returning soldiers who had lost limbs in the war, encouraging them with her own example. Even in later years she was able

to walk gracefully on her artificial legs, fitted with heavy stockings and stylish high-heeled shoes, and her handicap was not apparent to the casual observer. At the time of her divorce, she refused to accept any financial support from her ex-husband, and became a real estate salesperson. She was eventually able to build her own home in Diamond Canyon, in the foothills behind Oakland.

It was through their father that Gordon and Campbell came to love the outdoors. He took them hiking and fishing, and they spent weekends at the cabin he built in the Butano redwoods, east of Pescadero. Kenneth and his second wife had no children, so all his paternal energies were devoted to his two sons. Years later, in 1984, Campbell wrote to his 103-year-old father for Father's Day.

You taught me what camping was all about. You taught me how to fish and in the doing, took me to many very beautiful spots in California. Like the year we camped in Hope Valley and fished in the little stream flowing down the valley. We also tried Faith and Charity Valleys and caught a few pan-sized fish. You showed us how to eat the tiny trout, bones and all, and always sweeter and tastier than the big trout.

My earliest recollection was being with you on a small stream in Northern California. I was too small to fish but was watching you as you caught a fine fat fish, unhooked it and threw it up on the sandy bank. The beautiful trout I had seen come out of the water was covered with sand. So I took it in my hands down to the creek and was happily washing the sand away so I could see the pretty colors again when WHOOSH—off he shot into the pool and away to safety. I think after that, you brought along a bucket to put the fish into.

I also have happy recollections of you helping me make that cranky little green can-

The brothers were enthusiastic Boy Scouts. Here Campbell and Gordon give the Scout salute, Oakland, ca. 1920.

vas kayak sea-worthy or creek-worthy by attaching tin pontoons to the sides. After that we dared to take it up to the big hole on the Butano.

I well remember Old Johnnie and Hank and that delicious comb honey, and the time I got lost trying to climb over the ridge into the next watershed, and finally ended up just where I started, sure I was really miles away.

When you took us into the mountains, you not only planted in us a love of nature and the out-of-doors, but introduced us to the joys of fishing which continue undimmed today. I have since fished many streams in the western U.S. with every kind of lure, but still recall the pleasures of winding on the hook a fat earthworm—surely the deadliest bait ever devised. Today I see nearly all fishermen using spinning reels (usually on lakes) and the baits stagger me. On a recent trip I watched them fishing a lake with corn, marshmallows, garlic-flavored cheese and raspberries—how about that?

I tried calling you on Father's Day (yesterday) but the lines were all busy and I could not get through.

*Much love—your devoted son,
Campbell*

Campbell rarely spoke of his childhood, but when he did, his brother loomed large. There was the time they went exploring and were caught on a railroad trestle



with a train approaching. They climbed over the side and hung onto the rails for dear life. "The train was thundering over us and I couldn't hold on any longer, but my brother grabbed me and held me." And the time when Campbell's pet rabbits—"so cute and soft and furry"—were killed by a neighborhood cat. "My brother got his bow and arrow and shot that cat."

Gordon had taken up archery in the Boy Scouts, and by the time he was sixteen he and a cousin were making bows and arrows for sale. A newspaper clipping reported:

Two young Robin Hoods—Gordon Grant and Don Goodcell—have turned businessmen and are supplying merchants with gay tipped arrows and staunch bows. . . . Firm after firm is placing orders with them, for San

Francisco, always looking for something new, has turned of a sudden to the bow and arrow.

Grant is a nephew and namesake of the famous marine painter, and a grandson of George Grant, pioneer banker, who in his youth was a noted Scotch archer. Both boys are members of the Golden Gate Archers' Association, and are accounted excellent shots.

Campbell, too, was written up for artistic endeavors. At the age of twelve he carved a series of characters from twigs, and then set his "Twigsies" in motion in "shows" for the neighborhood children. The local paper, describing Campbell as an engaging "freckled-face mite of a boy," reported:

The sharp-eyed youngster noticed one day while he was out hiking with some other

Boy Scouts that one laurel twig in Diamond Canyon had the appearance of a traffic officer with upraised arm. The arm halted Campbell. There were others in the party who saw that twig, but they didn't have Campbell's eyes or his genius.

The twig was cut, whittled a bit with a scout knife, some blue ink applied, and lo! "It's a traffic policeman!" Campbell's mother exclaimed when she saw it.

Followed more twig cutting and whittling. Then came the first "show," staged in private at the Grant home on Dolores Ave, and called "The Bootlegger's Finish." The Twigsies did their little act over the back of a grandfather chair, behind which Campbell crouched, manipulating them on the points of hat pins borrowed from his mother.

The boy made more models, wrote a new "twigario," and gave a neighborhood show to

Twelve-year-old Campbell proudly shows off the "Twigsies" he carved. He used the stick-figures to put on shows for the neighborhood.



which admission was charged. All who attended attested that they had received their money's worth.

In 1925, when Gordon and Campbell were fourteen and sixteen respectively, their Uncle Gordon Grant came for a visit. Belying his father's early predictions, he had become a highly successful artist, spending his winters in New York and his summers in Gloucester, Massachusetts. His paintings of sailing ships hung in various institutions, including the White House. That very year, 1925, a campaign had been launched to save the U.S.S. *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," with the restoration to be financed by the sale of prints of Gordon Grant's painting of the frigate. A magazine photograph shows President Calvin Coolidge buying the first print, thereby "inaugurating the nationwide campaign to save the famous U.S. Frigate *Constitution*." More than a half-million prints were sold, at twenty-five cents apiece. The original painting still hangs in the White House.

Gordon Grant visited Oakland in 1925 with a purpose—to ship aboard the *Star of Alaska* on its last voyage from Oakland to the Alaska salmon fishing grounds. She was the sister ship to the *Electra*, which his brother Kenneth had taken twenty-five years before, when he worked as the electrician at the salmon cannery in Nushigak. The sketches Gordon Grant made on this 1925 voyage were published in his book, *Sail Ho!*⁸ The *Star of Alaska* is now open to the public at Fisherman's Wharf under its original name, the *Balclutha*, and contains many of Gordon Grant's sketches.

Gordon Grant Sr. and his English-born wife had no children, and he took a special interest in his California nephews, Campbell and Gordon, and their cousin, Grant Shaw. He encour-

aged them to continue with their art, and his influence is recognizable in some of their early work, as well as in the distinctive signature developed by Gordon Kenneth Grant.

The brothers attended Oakland High School, and Campbell's love of reading and ready humor were reflected in his contributions to the school paper. He was the paper's chief illustrator, but also contributed prose parodies of everything from Sherlock Holmes to the Knights of the Round Table.

In the series, "The Adventures of the Great Detective," the episode of the "Phokle Ruby" begins:

As the Great Detective picked up "The Morning Trumpet," the first thing that met his eyes was the account of the robbery of the Indian delegates who were bringing the famous 170 carot Phokle ruby to England.

"Ah ha!" said the Great Detective, slipping on the pink domino and snatching up some green whiskers. "If I can not clear up this mystery, no one can."

With this modest statement, the Great Detective left for the Customs House. Soon arriving there, he set to work collecting evidence. On the dock he found nine (9) black cow hairs, in the inspection room he collected 11 different fingerprints, in the same place he examined a half-eaten doughnut through his 13-1/2 horse power magnifier. Quickly changing into a gray steamer rug and popping on a yellow wig, he asked (or demanded of) the baggage man how old his uncle was and how many teeth did the railway president have. . . [He returns home.]

Hearing a knock on the door, the Great Detective quickly assumed the disguise of an Alaskan fisherman, but was obliged to change again to the garb of a respectable clergyman when he found that it was only the mailman.

The series "Ye Idols of Ye King" begins with the Siege of Cranberry Manor:

It was a cold, drowsy, wet, damp, and chilly twilight when Sir Fistumous de Shoe-lace finally reached his ancestral manor. "Ods Gadzooks," quoth he as he entered, "I see that my fayre ladie has been filched by some base and churlish knytes. Verily I will overtake them and smite more dolourously, aye verily, even unto the brain kettle."

So saying, the valiant knyte buckled on his mail of proof, disguised himself as a yokel,

and sallied forth with high courage, attended by fourscore squires . . .

These are early evidence of the wit that shines through Campbell's later illustrations for Richard Armour's popular satires of history and literature, ranging from *It All Started with Columbus* (1955) to *American Lit Relit* (1964). Campbell was a consummate story-teller, and could readily assume the accents of his characters. In his career as an animator at the Walt Disney Studio, his ability to imitate his Scottish grandfa-

En route to New York City in 1939, Gordon, at right, stops in Taos, New Mexico, to visit Red Deer and family. Since his teenage years, Gordon was fascinated with Native American lore and cultures.



ther landed him the role as the voice of Mr. Toad's friend Angus McBadger in *The Wind in the Willows*.

As for Campbell's brother Gordon, his activities with the Boy Scouts had led him to be increasingly steeped in Indian lore. When he was about fifteen, a traveling Indian Pageant was staged in Berkeley by Ralph Hubbard, son of writer Elbert Hubbard. Impressed with Gordon's proficiency, he invited him to spend the summer at his school of Indian arts and crafts in Colorado. Gordon spent the next few summers at the Hubbard ranch, learning the art of Indian costume making, the dances, the songs and other lore. According to his own account, the Indians there regarded him as an Indian boy. A photograph shows him at age eighteen in Indian dress, complete with an elaborate head-dress. The caption reads, "In an Indian costume made by self. Shot eagle with bow and arrow for headdress, did beadwork." Gordon in turn taught Indian lore at Boy Scout camps, earning money to pay his tuition at UC Berkeley. He studied art and mural making, and graduated from the School of Architecture in 1930.

Meanwhile, in Campbell's senior year at Oakland High, he entered the statewide scholarship competition for the California School of Arts and Crafts. A newspaper article announced that Campbell Grant had won first place, while Channing Peake of San Fernando High School took third place. Campbell's scholarship would pay his entire tuition for 1927-28. At the end of fall quarter, Campbell, Channing, and three classmates worked their way to Hawaii and back on a cruise ship. Around this time Campbell also accompanied his brother Gordon on a trip to the Southwest, where they stayed in a hogan with some of Gordon's Indian friends.

Santa Barbara

The following year, Campbell won a scholarship to the Santa Barbara School of the Arts. Channing Peake transferred to the school as well, and the pair stayed at a boarding house on the corner of Garden and Anapamu streets. They collaborated on various art projects over the next few years, including the illustrations for a now-lost children's book about the Chumash Indians. On weekends they explored the local back country, camping and fishing.

The Santa Barbara School of the Arts, established by Fernand Lungren in 1920, occupied most of the block at the northeast corner of Canon Perdido and Santa Barbara streets, where the Alhecama Theatre is today. The 1929-1930 catalogue lists the "Faculty and Artists Associated with the School": Albert Herter (murals, Chairman of Advisory Board); Ed Borein (etching), Colin Campbell Cooper, Belmore Browne, and John Gamble (landscape painting and sketching); Frank Morley Fletcher (drawing and painting from life, portraits); Richmond Kelsey (lino-prints).

Among Campbell's classmates and friends were Ward Kimball, later an animator at Walt Disney Studios, and Blossom Owen, a talented young artist whose parents lived on El Bosque Road in Montecito. Campbell became part of a circle of friends who gravitated to the studio of Dudley Carpenter, their older mentor, at 322 East Canon Perdido Street. Dudley's son, Ted, became one of Campbell's best friends, as did Jack Hamilton, another member of "the crowd."

Later, on a sheet of Disney sketching paper, Campbell penciled a brief chronology of those years:

1929: *To Santa Barbara. Year Scholarship as Librarian. Boarding House Garden & Anapamu*

1930. Scholarship renewed for year. Studio at 318 E. Carrillo. Did maps for city water suit. Met Bloss, Dudley, Jack. Trip to High Sierras with Jack & Channing. Trip fishing with Peakes. Book with Chan. Do stencils. Herter-murals. Gordon comes south, works with Herter. Block prints with Kelsey. To Channel Islands. Oct. Drove East with Jack Hamilton. Worked for Herter—City. Gordon came for visit. Takes care of Herter grandchildren at East Hampton. Works on murals with[?].

By 1930 the Depression had hit, and times were harder. The entry for 1931 reads:

1931. Scholarship ends Sept. Staying in Etching Room, Art School, for summer. Staying at Tom Ripley's. Worked for Herter. Sancho Panza with Channing. Book for Erickson. Sierra trip with Jack & Chan. Book for Kirkbride. Staying at Owens'. Buy blue Oakland Roadster.

In a 1979 interview, Campbell recalled the early 1930s, "There were so many young people at that time who were just thrown out into the cruel, hard world. Here you are, no jobs, no nothing."⁵ Classmate Ward Kimball once recalled that he would walk past the Copper Coffee Pot restaurant on State Street and stare wistfully at the grapefruit halves garnished with maraschino cherries displayed in the window. In later years, when he was a successful Disney animator, whenever he visited Santa Barbara he would go to the Copper Coffee Pot and order one.

Campbell told two anecdotes from those lean years. In one, he had succeeded in selling a watercolor landscape to a wealthy patron. Before delivering it, he propped it up on the breakfast table to admire it one last time. Somehow the bacon slid off his plate and hit the painting, leaving a large grease spot. Horrified, he set

reluctantly to work to attempt to recreate it, and delivered it promptly.

Another time, a Montecito matron commissioned him to paint a view of her home. When presented with his watercolor, she complained that it showed only one side of the house. Shrugging, he set to work on another view. When presented with the two paintings, she immediately selected the first one, saying "Yes! That's more what I had in mind!"

The Federal Arts Project

The federal government came to the rescue in the early 1930s with the Federal Arts Project, which hired young artists for various projects, including murals in public buildings. After two years at the Santa Barbara School of the Arts, Campbell's schooling was over, and the first job he got was with the Federal Arts Project, administered in the Santa Barbara area by Douglass Parshall. In a 1965 interview for the Smithsonian, Campbell reflected on the Project's influence:

...it gave people who had a good deal of talent a chance to carry on their work at a very difficult time, whereas otherwise they might have given up. They might have quit and not gone along in the arts at all because the economic stress was fantastic.... if it wasn't for this Project, there would have been an awful lot of fine artists practicing today who would have been forced into other fields. That was the main thing the Project did...besides feeding them, keeping them from want during a very tough period.⁶

In 1933, 24-year-old Campbell Grant executed murals in the foyer of Santa Barbara High School, depicting "The History of the New World," sponsored by the State Emergency Recovery Administration. "I

look at it today and I shudder!" he told a 1979 interviewer. "I was just fresh out of school and I didn't know too much about anything."

During the same period, he also did a series of large watercolor landscapes for the Project. These were destined for schools, libraries, and other public buildings.

Campbell's penciled chronology continues:

1932. Gordon arrives from East with

Marjorie. Rent Studio on Santa Barbara St. Do Penguin Isle Pictures. Studio in De la Guerra. GG goes east again. Taught water color. Met Hammy Greenough. Sierra trips. To Turquoise mines.

In 1933, Gertrude Grant moved from Oakland to Montecito, where she rented a house from the Dalliba family at 570 East Valley Road. This became home base for sons Campbell and Gordon. Gordon took the

Good friends Campbell Grant and Channing Peake attended the Santa Barbara School of the Arts together.



room over the garage, and gradually filled it with Indian art and artifacts.

Gordon Kenneth Grant moved to Santa Barbara definitively in 1934. He was twenty-six years old and already was making a name for himself as a muralist in the style of Diego Rivera, with energy-charged depictions of Indian dancers. He spent a lot of time in the Southwest, where he had many Indian friends. He was especially drawn there at the times of the great ceremonial dances, which he subsequently rendered in his dynamic, monumental style. In a letter to his mother in June, 1932, in a bold script reminiscent of his Uncle Gordon Grant's, he wrote:

Traveling fast, have no idea of the date—same old neglect I suppose—it's a habit when traveling. Spent several enjoyable days at the ranch with Ralph [Hubbard]. Ran from there down to Taos Pueblo where we are staying at the invitation of one of my Indian friends. We went out today to explore some beautiful Mexican churches way back in the country and came out so near Santa Fe we decided to stay here for the night and get our mail in the morn and then go back to Taos, where we'll stay for another week or so, then take Susan the daughter up to summer school in Colorado and then head back into Navajo Country for a month or so.

I took paints and things along today intending to do a lot of painting but ran into a storm that spoiled all our plans but nevertheless we saw them, and especially the interiors which are the loveliest and most primitive you can imagine. Lots of old frescoes dating from the middle of the 17th century and lots of wood carvings of saints dressed in lace and trinkets made by the native Mexicans. We hope to go back again when the weather is clearer and do some real work. It's an all day trip and to do it justice you should plan on several days at least. We had an awful mess getting there

today—we broke through one bridge and slipped and slid all over the road which is bad enough when the weather is dry.

The Indians treating me fine—horses supplied, etc., and we're planning a deer hunting trip for soon—they're out of season but the Indians shoot them all year round—I want to get some meat to dry for our trip into the Navajo country which will mean we'll be out of contact with civilization for a month or more—and do I hope to get a lot of work done in that time—my! oh my!

Eleven of us sleep in one room up at the pueblo—a room about the size of mine at home. Just lay the blankets out on the floor and curl up 11 of us in a row—I couldn't believe it until I saw it done. All you take off are your moccasins.

We have to get back tomorrow, although I'd rather spend the day here and visit my friends both here and at the Pueblo of San Ildefonso. There is going to be a large rabbit roundup tomorrow and I want to be in Taos for that and also for the dance of San Juan tomorrow night.

*Lots of Love—
GG*

Gordon had been trained as a muralist by Albert Herter, by J. Monroe Hewlett, architect, mural painter and Director of the American Academy in Rome, as well as by Putnam Brinley. He assisted Herter with six murals at Wellesley College, and worked with Hewlett on ones for the Bronx City Hall. It was probably Hewlett who encouraged Gordon to compete for the *Prix de Rome*, which he did around 1935. A newspaper clipping recounts:

Praise of the work of Gordon Kenneth Grant, young Santa Barbara mural painter, was contained in a review by Edward Alden Jewell, art critic of The New York Times, on the annual show submitted by artists in com-



Gordon Kenneth Grant, "Buffalo Dance," ca. 1935. Tempera on plaster, 48" x 54". Courtesy of Mrs. Campbell Grant. The artist did several interpretations of this subject, in various media, including a plaster statue of a single dancer with stylized headdress.

petition for the Prix de Rome fellowship, in the Grand Central Galleries, New York.

After observing that the annual shows are for the most part "academic" and possess little individuality, Mr. Jewell said:

It would not be fair, however, thus to classify everything that has been placed on view. For instance, there are some highly effective formalized designs based on the art of the American Indian by Gordon K. Grant, University of California.

With the advent of the Federal Arts Project, Gordon received numerous commissions to design and execute murals in public buildings, including the Brady, Texas Post Office, the Alhambra, Califor-

nia Post Office, and the John Marshall High School, Los Angeles. Probably the most ambitious was for the Ventura, California Post Office, begun in 1936 and completed two years later. The mural, which still exists today, is about fifty feet long, five feet high, and runs along all four walls of the lobby. It depicts "Industry and Agriculture in Ventura County," with stolid-looking workers harvesting oranges and walnuts and working in the oil fields. Grant's assistant on this project was Herman Cherry, later a well-known artist on the east coast. The mural was painted on lengths of canvas, painted with very thin washes of oil and "a great deal of turpentine,"⁸ which made it easier to roll up

without cracking. Following a remodel of the post office in 1965, the mural was restored by Franz A. Trevors, and is an official city landmark.⁹

Diego Rivera was the strongest influence on Gordon's art, but Grant was also a great admirer and close friend of Mexican muralist Ramos Martínez (1872-1946), who was working in Southern California in the 1930s.¹⁰ Martínez executed the murals in the Santa Barbara Cemetery chapel in 1934. His student, David Alfaro Siqueiros, was painting murals in Los Angeles at the time, and Gordon was familiar with them as well. Campbell described

Campbell and Gordon in Fiesta costume, 1937. Gordon settled in Santa Barbara in 1934, the year Campbell began work with Walt Disney Studios. Campbell often came up to Santa Barbara on weekends.



the lasting impression made by José Orozco's 1930 mural of Prometheus at Pomona College, in Claremont: "We all made a pilgrimage down to see that. It is still one of the most astonishing things. . . . Gigantic, towering; overwhelms the room really, but it is tremendous."¹¹

Campbell's own reputation as an artist increased through various exhibits. His woodblock, "Moonlight, Taos," was accepted by the International Print Makers' Exhibit. He showed his illustrations for *Penguin Island* at the Faulkner Gallery, inspiring John Gamble to write in the Santa Barbara *Morning Press*: "For whimsical humor, interesting design and beauty of color they are a truly remarkable achievement. . . . It is remarkable that in his first serious attempt in this field so young an artist could develop a technique of such mature excellence."¹² The following year, one of Campbell's paintings was hung in a national Public Works of Art Project exhibition in Washington, D.C., at the Corcoran Gallery. However, none of this translated into an appreciable income. He had a one-man show at a gallery in Oakland, and others in Santa Barbara. The program from an unidentified show lists thirty-six works ranging in price from \$7.50 for pencil drawings, to \$15 for woodblocks, \$10-20 for watercolors, and \$100 for an oil painting entitled "High Country." Checkmarks on the list indicate that he sold about one-third of them.

In 1934 Campbell resigned from the Federal Arts Project to take a job at the Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood. He was twenty-five years old, and would remain there for twelve years. Still, every weekend he escaped the city to return to Santa Barbara or to camp, fish, and picnic with his Santa Barbara friends.

The Santa Barbara Gang in the 1930s

In Santa Barbara, Gordon had rented a studio in El Paseo, and quickly become a member of the artistic group that gravitated between Sunday brunches at Dudley Carpenter's studio and charade parties at the home of Blossom Owen's parents, Frank and Elizabeth Owen. David Hellyer, whose mother and stepfather, the Tom Ripleys, also hosted the group in Mission Canyon, later said, "It was such an amazing group of people, we were all a little in love with one another, all the beautiful gals and the handsome guys, all the creative juices flowing."¹³

For the next generation it reads like the scenario for a Shakespearean comedy. Blossom Owen apparently loved Campbell, who in 1930 inscribed the first of his series of thirty-five woodblock prints to her, "Number 1, for Bloss." The group's dynamics shifted, and a few years later she became secretly engaged to Gordon. She may have hoped to see him in New York the winter she spent at the Art Students League, in 1935. Instead, she saw Ted Carpenter and Jack Hamilton, the latter recovering from polio in a New York hospital. Writing in her diary about her new classmates, she noted: "Met a big boy like Channing, and a little red Scot like Campbell, but oh, how different!" The last entry in her diary is back in Santa Barbara in June: "Gordon came over for the evening."

At some point Gordon broke off their engagement and transferred his affections to Carlena Sheridan, another of the Santa Barbara group. At an earlier time he had also presented Indian turquoise jewelry to Katie Schott, who later married Channing Peake. Campbell was briefly in love with Anne Hopkins, whose sister Connie married David Hellyer. Later he was in love

with Polly Forsyth, who eventually married his best friend, Jack Hamilton. The photographs of the group show what appear to be halcyon times swimming at Smith's Canyon behind Goleta, camping in the desert, fishing, and engaging in amateur theatricals. Some of this is reflected in Campbell's letters to Polly Forsyth in 1937. He was working at the Disney Studio, but spent every weekend with "the gang."

May 6, 1937

Dearest Pol,

Latest Onion Valley dispatches. So glad to hear you can make it. Saugus Valley, my pet, if you will unroll the large map of California, lies at the end of a fertile valley teeming with orchards, vineyards, cattle, oil wells and eucalyptus—exactly 77 miles from mountain-girded, ocean-washed, zephyr-kissed, fog-bound Santa Barbara.

In order to wangle the Jones frau along (she has to work on curtains for her grandmother Friday nite, my God) we will have to leave (steady, Pol) Sat. a.m. to meet at 5 o'clock at Saugus. To accomplish this, you must leave S.B. no later than 3:30 a.m. This is imperative in order to get through the desert by a decent hour. I can see even at this distance the expression of pure horror that darkens the Forsyth features. Be of good cheer, my pretty—I, myself, must leave Hollywood by 4:30.

You can go to bed at 6:30 Friday night and tick off the required hours. Your air mattress is in our garage—I have my other stuff. The key to Ted's garage is on the post in the patio.

I have fixed the shock absorbers on the car and now a vast silence and smoothness follows me wherever I go.

See that Carlena brings the night things and not too much.

Love,

Campbell



ABOVE: Campbell Grant, "High Country," ca. 1929. Oil on canvas, 15" x 26".
 Courtesy of Roxanne Grant Lapidus.

BELOW: Campbell Grant, "Moonrise," 1930. Woodblock, 6" x 12". Courtesy of Annie Hollister.





ABOVE: Campbell Grant, "Moonlight, Taos," 1930. Woodblock, 6" x 12". Courtesy of Annie Hollister. This work was shown at the International Print Makers Exhibit, 1930.

BELOW: Campbell Grant, "Mojave Desert," 1930. Woodblock, 8" x 12 1/2". Courtesy of Mrs. Campbell Grant.



May 26, 1937

Dearest P.

An epicurean postscript for you, my gourmet.

They have plenty of big marmots where we are going, which are rumored to be much tastier than squirrels and ten times as big. I hate to depend on the bowmen for food, so howse about picking up my rifle at Gordon's studio (in clothes closet) also 1 box hollow points and 1 long rifle.

Remember we are camping at 8,500 feet so warm clothes and plenty of blankets are in order—with you o-joy, two should be enough but if Carlena has no bag she should have several more.

May 27, 1937

AFTERTHOUGHT No. 2

One does not meet in Saugus—one meets at Saugus. There are only about three houses. You can't miss.

Hey—get me a sheet of water color paper from Gordon.

I have the honor to remain your lady chip's h'mble ob't sev't to c'm'd

Campbell Grant, H.C.*

*Harebrained Correspondent

The weekend expeditions left Campbell "in a coma" at the Disney Studios on Monday mornings. After one trip, he wrote:

I cannot face my feet this morning—they are under my chair as I write, maintaining a vast hurt silence. I will try to win back their favor by means of slippers, the softest of socks, bathings in scented water, massages and possibly reading them to sleep at night. Hey ho!

Another time he wrote:

Just talked to one of the studio boys who was fishing up Howard Creek yesterday. He took out a nice limit all between 7 and ten inches. It is quite close to where we were on the Sespe two weeks ago and might be fun to fish. Speak to Jack and anyone else that fishes if it sounds like a good idea.

Both brothers loved camping and the outdoors. Here Campbell works on a painting somewhere in the California desert as friends Carlena Sheridan and Polly Forsyth look on, 1937.



Again:

It has been a very full week for me. Friday to bed early—up at 6 and to meet Ted and Gordon in Saugus at 7. Hey! Ungodly hour! To Victorville with snowy mountains all around—très cold. Met the fabulous Wilhelm minor at Barstow who regaled us with his latest exploits—he shot four quail and a badger the other day with a blow gun!! Blow gun about four feet long and darts reproduced here full size. [sketch] One slight puff will put it through a 3/4" plank at 50 feet.

At Yermo—Wilhelm the larger—an amazing character with a run-down garage and a heart of gold. We had a ride in the dream car which still makes me shudder—we did everything a car is not supposed to be able to do, short of actually flying and came back sans broken bones. Dropped Ted there and then on to the Turquoise Country. Sat. afternoon we discovered several cliffs covered with hieroglyphs thusly [sketch] which Gordon pooh-poohed as of very low order and not at all what we were looking for. No more discoveries that day so made dry camp on the flat—driving quite a way off the road at quite a risk of being stuck in soft sand.

When all unpacked and ready for supper we found: 1) the two beautiful canteens had no water in them, 2) We had Ted's camera....

[rest of letter missing]

Meanwhile, Gordon's career continued to flourish, and he had taken up silversmithing, as reported in a 1936 article in the *Morning Press*:

[Gordon Grant's] Navajo ceremonial dance painting that was in a Faulkner show has been selected by the committee to be sent to Germany for the official Olympic Games exhibition of paintings and sculptures.

Since Christmas several of his paintings of Indian subjects have been in Studio House in Washington, D.C.

Santa Barbara does not get a chance often to see this young artist's work. Ventura residents will shortly, for Gordon Kenneth Grant is at work in his studio at 826 Garden St. on murals for the new Ventura post office....

Not all of Mr. Grant's time is devoted to painting. Each morning this versatile young artist works as a silver and coppersmith. His brother, Campbell Grant, a Santa Barbara artist, is doing successful work at the Walt Disney Studios....¹⁴

By the late 1930s, members of "the gang" had begun to marry. Polly Forsyth married Jack Hamilton in 1938; the following year, Blossom Owen married Stan Hollister. In the fall of 1938, Campbell Grant met Clara Louise (Lou) Tuckerman at a picnic. She recognized him as a friend of her older sister, Florence Hyde, and struck up a conversation. When a game of hide and seek was announced, he turned to her and said, "I know a place where we can hide."

It was the beginning of a romance that became a long-distance one, for Lou had just graduated from Smith College with a degree in dramatic arts, and the following summer she took a job designing scenery in the east. That fall, missing Lou, Campbell drove to Arizona to visit her sister Vi and husband Barney Schley on their ranch. The watercolor he painted of the golden foliage on the Triangle U still hangs in the Santa Ynez ranch house of Vi Schley Hansen.

Campbell and Lou wrote back and forth, and every week he sent her an elephant figurine, so that she would not "forget" him. By the time Lou received the 33rd elephant, in the spring of 1940, she wrote that she was coming home.



ABOVE: Campbell Grant, "Pictograph, San Emigdio Mountains, Kern County," 1964. Gouache and pastel on paper, 35" x 23". Courtesy of Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. This piece appeared in the artist's *The Rock Paintings of the Chumash*.

LEFT: Gordon Kenneth Grant, "San Ildefonso Pottery," ca. 1935. Tempera on plaster, 14 1/4" x 17 1/4". Courtesy of David and Connie Hellyer. Grant exhibited this piece at the Faulkner Gallery, Santa Barbara Public Library, then gave it to the Hellyers as a wedding gift in 1936.

Tragedy Strikes

Just a few doors down East Valley Road from the Grant home was the sumptuous George F. Steedman estate, *Casa del Herrero*, designed by George Washington Smith. Steedman was artistic, and had a complete woodworking and metal-working shop on the grounds, where he sometimes worked in silver. Starting in 1936, Gordon was hired to work on several Steedman projects. When not working to restore Steedman's heirlooms, Gordon worked on his own projects: silver and copper cups and bowls, and some small, finely-wrought bull figurines. On March 1, 1940, Gordon arrived at the Steedman workshop around 2 p.m., and a few minutes later lay motionless on the floor, mortally wounded. He died three hours later at Cottage Hospital. He was thirty-two years old.

Newspaper accounts reported:

Clarence Baker, chauffeur for the Steedmans, told the Coroner that Grant came into the workshop, where both of them work much of the time, shortly after 2 o'clock. Grant went directly to the bench where the small brass cannon stood. An explosion followed immediately. Baker said he was not looking in Grant's direction when the explosion occurred, and that Grant made no remark about what he was doing or what he intended to do when he came into the shop. Baker said he turned on hearing the blast and saw the artist lying on the floor. The only visible wound was a small piece of metal lodged in his forehead.

It fell to Campbell's friend Jack Hamilton to call him at the Disney Studios. He told him of the accident, but not of Gordon's death. It was not until Campbell arrived at the Hamiltons' door in Montecito that he learned the worst.

Polly Hamilton later recalled that Jack spent that night with Campbell at his mother's.

The coroner determined that the death was an accident:

Grant must have peered straight down the muzzle of a loaded and powerful miniature cannon as it stood on the workshop bench.... Grant's hand, carrying a lighted cigarette, is believed to have moved near a powder train at the cannon's fuse hole. The autopsy showed that the "cannon ball," a quarter-inch ball bearing, entered Grant's right eye and went deep into his brain.¹⁵

According to Santa Barbara Cemetery records, it was Campbell who made the funeral arrangements and paid for the unmarked niche in which the ashes of Gordon Kenneth Grant were placed, a stone's throw from the chapel his friend Ramos Martínez had decorated six years earlier. Shocked letters poured in to his mother Gertrude and to Campbell from Uncle Gordon in New York, and from Indian friends in New Mexico.

An exhibition of "Paintings by the late Gordon Kenneth Grant" was organized at the Renaissance Gallery on Mesa Road, Montecito, the following fall. In 1941 the newly opened Santa Barbara Museum of Art organized a "Retrospective Exhibit of the Works of Gordon Kenneth Grant." Sixty years later the Museum repeated the gesture, with "Gordon Kenneth Grant: A Retrospective Revisited," curated by Marshall Price in 2001.

One cannot help speculating to what heights Gordon Kenneth Grant might have risen, had he lived longer. Among his things that have come down through the family is a slim volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay's *A Few Figs from Thistles*, with Gordon's bold signature on the flyleaf. In it we read:

*My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!*

A New Era

Lou Tuckerman returned to Carpinteria six weeks after Gordon's death, and on April 21, 1940, her engagement to Campbell Grant was announced in the *Santa Barbara News-Press*:

An honor student at the Santa Barbara Girls School, Miss Tuckerman was graduated from Smith College where she studied stage designing. Last summer the attractive young bride-to-be was stage designer for the Buck's County Summer Theater at New Hope, Pennsylvania. During the fall and winter season, Miss Tuckerman was associated with Mordecai Gorelik, stage designer of the Group Theater in New York.

Mr. Grant, one of California's prominent young artists, is one of the leading artists with Walt Disney. A nephew of the famous marine painter, Gordon Grant of New York, he is the brother of the late Gordon Kenneth Grant, Santa Barbara artist.

Before tying the knot, Campbell took Lou on a camping trip, chaperoned by Polly and Jack Hamilton, to test her skills in the great outdoors. Later she would recall her struggles in setting up the tent. They were married August 31, 1940, at Trinity Church, Santa Barbara, with a reception at the Tuckerman ranch in Carpinteria. Jack Hamilton was best man; other groomsmen included Ted Carpenter, Hamilton Greenough, and Disney artist Jim Bodrero. Campbell's family was represented by his mother, her sister and son Don Goodcell, and his father's younger sister Bess Shaw and her son Grant. Among the wedding presents was a blanket chest built and deco-

rated by Dudley Carpenter, a coffee table built by Jack Hamilton, and a handcrafted side table from Tom Ripley. With wedding gift money, Lou and Campbell ordered a custom-built bed, designed by Campbell, with fanciful posts and with a towering headboard, upon which he painted a stylized tree hung with exotic flowers and fruit, with a couple running joyfully beneath it. The newlyweds spent their wedding night at the Paso Robles Inn, and then camped at Cambria before turning east to Arizona, to visit the Schley ranch. Back in Hollywood, they settled in a rented house in Laurel Canyon.

Disney Studio, 1934-46

At Disney Campbell had begun work as an animator in 1934, joining former classmate Ward Kimball and a host of other young talents. After working on a number of shorter cartoons featuring Mickey Mouse and Goofy, they embarked on *Snow White*, Disney's first full-length animated film (1937). Campbell subsequently moved to the "steering department," where he originated characters, including Cleo the goldfish for *Pinocchio* (1940). For *Fantasia* (1940), he was in charge of the "Night on Bald Mountain" sequence. He also worked on *Dumbo* (1941).

When the U.S. entered World War II, the Disney Studio was assigned to make a series of films for the Army and Navy, called "Why We Fight." Top Hollywood directors like Frank Capra and Anatole Litvak were recruited to work on these films, which included segments of captured German and Japanese film. The films were made in a Hollywood studio referred to as "Fort Fox." In 1965, Campbell recalled:

I was working for the Army mostly, with Frank Capra, and what we were doing was orientation and propaganda films, the orga-

nization of all the major campaigns, which were great, great pictures. . . . They were attempting to show the troops the broad picture, and why they were fighting, and who the enemy was and how the enemy looks, and so on. But they had Litvak and Capra. . . . they had all the top men working on these films.

Our job was to make all of the animated cartoon sequences. . . . maps showing the way armies moved around. . . . It's pretty hard to demonstrate how a battle is going just from a bunch of action shots. You need these moving diagrams.

After the war, Walt Disney was persuaded to continue making educational films. He made a few for industry (Corning Glass) and for health education. As Campbell described it,

He could bring a lot of humor into it so it was entertainment as well as instructive. Then the whole thing blew up because Walt Disney was very much of a character and very much of a one-man band. It began to bug him that these experts from the companies . . . were telling him what to do, what to put in it. Then he finally just threw the whole thing out of the studio, which I thought was too bad, because he was beautifully equipped to make pictures like that.

In 1946, Campbell was working on *Bambi*, and on *The Wind in the Willows*. He and Lou had bought property in Tarzana with a creek running through it, and architect friend Hugo Goodhue had designed them a house. But as Campbell recalled:

That was the period when the banks threatened to close up the studio, and so Walt fired half the staff. It amounted to three or four hundred people, including all of the stars. And so a great many people were out, and things were a bit rough.¹⁶

By then Lou and Campbell had two children, Gordon and Roxie. Gordon North Grant was named for Campbell's brother and for (William) North Duane, a Montecito neighbor and outdoor enthusiast who had encouraged Campbell when he was a struggling artist. Now, in 1946, the postwar housing shortage accompanied the Disney layoffs. Their Hollywood landlord demanded his house back, and nothing else was available. Lou's parents, Wolcott and Lilia Tuckerman, urged the young family to move back to the ranch in Carpinteria.

Life in Carpinteria

Lou's mother, Lilia Tuckerman, was an accomplished and prolific landscape painter who had studied on the east and west coasts. A leaflet from a 1935 exhibition at the Faulkner Gallery lists her paintings alongside ones by Gordon Kenneth Grant, among others. She painted every day in her studio, not far from the main house.

The ranch house had been designed by Santa Barbara architect Winsor Soule, and completed in 1920. The L-shaped house had one wing devoted to bedrooms for the five Tuckerman daughters, which in 1946 lent itself to being converted into living quarters for Lou and Campbell and their family. One room became the kitchen, another the living room, another Campbell's studio. He continued to do contract illustration for Disney books, especially the popular Little Golden Book series. Despite his complaints about having to reproduce established Disney characters, he was able to bring originality to his work. Lou recalled his planing a handful of curly wood shavings and setting them out next to his drawing board, where he reproduced them to frame the title page of *Pinocchio*. Lou herself designed Cinderella's ball gown for

the Little Golden Book series. And those who knew her could detect a certain resemblance in Campbell's renditions of Cinderella and of Snow White—something in the curve of the eyebrows, in the wide smile, in the gesture of a hand.

Campbell drew pictures of Lou and of the children (who eventually numbered four, Gordon, Roxie, Sheila, Doug) for family Christmas cards and valentines. He had other illustration contracts, including Santa Barbara historian Harold Gladwin's *Men Out of Asia* (McGraw-Hill, 1947). In the 1950s he and Lou became regular contributors to the children's magazine, *Story Parade*, where Lou wrote a monthly story and Campbell drew the illustrations. Lou later wrote a book for the Little Golden Book series, *Ukelele*, illustrated by Campbell. He created the pictures for his friend Ted Carpenter's children's book, *The Cat with the Too Long Tail* (Houghton-Mifflin, 1953). In the 1950s he began a long collaboration with humorist Richard Armour, resulting in some six or seven books, including several best-sellers.

Campbell eventually supplemented his illustration income with agriculture. He and a friend raised tomatoes and peas in the late 1940s. In 1956 he and Lou sold their acreage in Tarzana. With some of the proceeds, they took their children east to visit relatives, including Uncle Gordon Grant at his studio in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Campbell later told an interviewer, "I admired him greatly and he encouraged me, but he said it's really no way to earn a living."¹⁷ Back home, Campbell and Lou invested the remainder of the Tarzana money in eight acres of avocados, planted below the ranch house.

Since he was not tied to a regular job, Campbell could take his family on camping trips whenever the spirit moved him. In the late '40s and early '50s, traveling in

the venerable blue Buick convertible, they made trips to Coolidge Meadows and Kennedy Meadows in the Sierras. Other times they ventured across the Mohave, with a canvas water bag slung over the radiator. His children recall stopping at isolated gas stations to hose down, only to be stuck to the black leather seats five minutes later. There were trips with Dudley Carpenter, son Ted and Ted's two children to Convict Creek; caravans with friends to Hot Creek near Mt. Shasta, stopping along the way in the Butano Redwoods to visit Kenneth Grant, the family patriarch.

Among the vintage camping gear on these trips was a low folding table for sitting on the ground, built by Jack Hamilton, and a taller folding table built by Gordon, as well as his pantry cupboard—a large wooden box with a hinged front, shelves and handles, which weighed a ton when loaded with canned food. For the younger generation, the sight of that cupboard in the garage was enough to inspire camping fever.

Encouraged by his father, young Gordon collected butterflies, and armed with the green leather-bound *Comstock's Guide to Butterflies*, the family drove all over California in search of particular ones—to Round Valley for Fritillaries, to the Sierras for Checkerspot, to the stands of Ponderosa pines near the McCloud River for Pine Whites. Gordon also collected minerals, and there were trips to the desert for obsidian, jasper, serpentine, and turquoise, no doubt re-tracing some of the trips Campbell had made with his brother. Lou made these trips cheerfully, washing diapers by hand and hanging them out to dry in the campground, cooking over the camping stove, and washing dishes by the light of the Coleman lantern. Later she confided that she did not really care for camping, but she came along with a smile, because she knew how much Campbell loved it.



Lou and Campbell Grant with baby Gordon, 1942. The couple used this photograph on a Christmas card, reportedly causing a bit of a stir among their more staid friends. Campbell executed the fanciful bed design.

There were day picnics to Figueroa Mountain and Davy Brown. Campbell was on the board of the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden, and he took the photographs for a handbook, *Wildflowers of the Santa Barbara Region* (1958), with a text by Dr. Katherine Muller. Sunday family outings became quests for particular specimens, the most elusive of which was the exotic Snow Plant, found only up on Mt. Pinos. Campbell also created the Botanic Garden's Christmas cards—pen-and-ink drawings of different native plants. He knew them all, probably through his friendship with husband and wife botanists Drs. Cornelius and Katherine Muller. Twice he accompanied Neil Muller to Baja California in search of rare oak specimens, riding on muleback with camera and plant-press.

At home in the evenings, Campbell sometimes made his family leather moc-

casins from one of Gordon's patterns. They were simpler versions of some of the ones seen in Gordon's paintings of ceremonial dancers, which hung on a nearby wall. Other mementos of Gordon included a heavy leather Indian shirt that the younger generation sometimes tried on, and a loose, purple velvet one with silver Navajo buttons.

As the years went by a new circle of friends formed. John Cushing and Demorest "Dav" Davenport were both marine biologists at UCSB who shared Campbell's enthusiasm for hunting and fishing. The families would go together to Morro Bay for clamming and duck hunting, or to the Sierras for fishing. Friend Harrison "Bud" Allen was a fellow plant enthusiast who introduced the Grants to Lundy Lake, in the eastern Sierras. Campbell and Dav and Ed Hartzell discov-

ered the wonders of steelhead fishing on the Umpqua River in Oregon. Later, in the 1970s, a generation of grandsons was initiated into the magic of fly-fishing there.

In 1959 the Grant family took a trip to Santa Fe, and went down to San Ildefonso Pueblo. Campbell was welcomed by some of his brother's Indian friends, who still had vivid memories of him, though it had been nearly twenty years since his death. When the family returned home a package arrived from Ramos Sanchez, containing step-by-step examples of the making of Indian pottery. Campbell built a glass case to display them.

Ties to his old friends remained strong. At least once a week Campbell would play chess with Jack Hamilton, who was increasingly housebound by the after-effects of polio. In 1957 the family visited Blossom and Stan Hollister in Gardnerville, Nevada. Bloss no longer painted professionally, but drew pen-and-ink sketches of her family every year for their Christmas card. That same summer the Grants drove north to Tacoma to stay with Connie and David Hellyer.

The Rock Paintings of the Chumash

It was in 1960 that Campbell's life took a turn that would absorb him for the rest of his days. On a fishing expedition in the Santa Barbara back country, he stumbled on a cave containing Indian paintings. Intrigued and inspired, he approached the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, of which he was a trustee, proposing that if they would make their archives accessible to him, he would undertake to record all known sites. They readily agreed, and made him a Research Assistant. At that time there were seventeen known sites.

This was the beginning of the great adventure. Accompanied by eager friends

or by sons Gordon or Douglas, Campbell set out to track down the caves described, hidden in the impenetrable chaparral of the back country. Sometimes it seemed a wild goose chase. Other times they returned home sunburned, scratched, but triumphant. As his research grew, he received tips from forestry workers, hunters, and fisherman who recalled stumbling on caves, and who tried to describe the locations. Son Gordon describes the searches to find these sites:

We'd set out with a handful of maps, or a gift of scribbled hearsay. Oftenest the note described an experience the sharer had some years before. So when it came down to "turn left at the clump of young alder (or old oak, or bare patch in the brush)" they might describe terrain or vegetation changed beyond recognition. Then it would become something more like detective work: what's the angle of the sun that might strike a rock shelter; where's the nearest water; which way do the rock formations run and what kind of rock is it; where are the likeliest routes into and out of the territory... all that sort of question. Answering them involved a lot of thinking and observing and not much talking. In fact the silences on those trips are what I remember most.

We'd stand in one place for an extended while just looking around, listening. Then maybe he'd say, gesturing, "Why don't you go up that draw there and check those rocks. I'll go around the other side. Meet you north of that formation." Off he went, his boots shuffling and crackling in dried oak leaves, his pale-blue shirt breaking up as the brush intervened.

I could see a ragged row of worn lion-colored boulders set in the grey-green chaparral. Like an implication leading off somewhere, lodged in enormous quiet. Occasionally the busy scuffle and whistle of quail. Occasionally a hawk far up, screaming. My own

breath. Would the first boulder have a painting on it? I wanted to be the first one to find it, so my father would be proud of me. Usually it wasn't on the first. Which meant climbing higher through the brush. The brush whipped and snagged and left wild scents in all my clothes. Hard sunlight. The boulders staggered and aspired uphill and went on over and might be the wrong bunch altogether. The distances wrinkled and bristly. Maybe I had been climbing forever and would continue to do so. Baloney sandwiches for dinner part of another world.

Then, stooping to avoid an unbendable manzanita branch and round a stone corner, I came into shadow. A cool shadow. With a smoke-blackened cave beyond it. I liked the coolness. Staying there to enjoy it allowed my eyes to adjust to the dimmer light. And the shaman-figure on the wall surged out at me. White and red lines against rough black. Horns like the devil. Time breathed off the wall. I heard my foot in the sand. I was in his house. What should I do next? His house was only about ten feet deep and seven feet high, not much more than a shelter, but it seemed to alter, swell, echo. I shrugged at this. I was a sensible, modern guy, wasn't I? I ran out into the sunlight to find a smaller boulder I could climb to signal my father, and shouted until I heard his answer. The echoes of our calling racketed back and forth in the canyon and subsided, or shrank, or were swallowed up in the sky.

When he appeared around the corner of the rock, and had set down his pack and looked around, seen the painting, he would look at me, grin slightly and say, "How about that, eh?" Always very Scots, even without his grandfather's accent.

I think when we returned from those trips we were slightly different people. For a while.

Taking color slides of sites was often difficult, in cramped quarters and with uncertain lighting. Campbell relied on his

trusty Leica and a hand-held light meter, sometimes lying on his back just a few feet from the paintings—no doubt in the same position as those vanished artists who had painted them. Sometimes he would splash water from his canteen on the rock to heighten faded colors. Back in his studio, he would project his slides onto a large sheet of art paper—black for smoke-blackened shelters or tan for sandstone. Using paint and pastel, he would painstakingly reproduce the Indian motifs, consulting any existing historical photographs to reconstruct areas that had been damaged by weather or vandalism.

By the time he was ready to write his book, Campbell had added more than sixty sites to the original seventeen known to the Museum. *The Rock Paintings of the Chumash* was published by the University of California Press in 1965, supported by a grant from the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History for the color plates. It was dedicated to the museum's former director, Dr. V.L. Vanderhoof, who had died the year before, "Without his enthusiasm and support this book would never have been written." When it was reprinted in 1992, Museum Director Dennis Power wrote, "*The Rock Paintings of the Chumash* was written on the eve of a great renaissance in Chumash studies, which the book actually helped to bring about."

In his introduction, Campbell acknowledges the numerous friends who accompanied him on his adventures, and ends with thanks to his family, "Gordon, my oldest son, an expert with the machete who has hewn out miles of trail in the chaparral country, and my youngest, Douglas, a tireless rock climber who has saved me many a perilous and usually fruitless climb."

Campbell soon received a grant from the National Science Foundation to expand his study to all of California and some ad-



Campbell and family in Carpinteria, 1952. Clockwise from lower left: Sheila, Gordon, Douglas, Lou, Roxanne, and Campbell. Campbell was left-handed; the photographer asked him to place the pen in his right hand to improve the composition of the image.

joining states. Meanwhile, publisher Thomas Y. Crowell had asked him to do a book on the rock art of North America. Campbell doubted he could obtain the necessary information, but sent off "hundreds of letters to universities, museums, historical and archaeological societies, national parks and monuments and many individuals . . ." In his preface to *The Rock Art of the American Indian* (Crowell, 1967), he wrote, "The response was overwhelming. Armed with the information I received, I took a 12,000-mile trek through the country visiting sites, photographing and taking notes. But . . . I still had to depend in great part of the firsthand information and photographs of others who had done work in the field."

Campbell became involved in the American Rock Art Research Association (ARARA), giving papers at their annual meetings. He published articles in *Pacific Discovery*, and embarked on more books, *Rock Drawings of the Coso Range* (1969), and *Rock Art of Baja California* (1974).

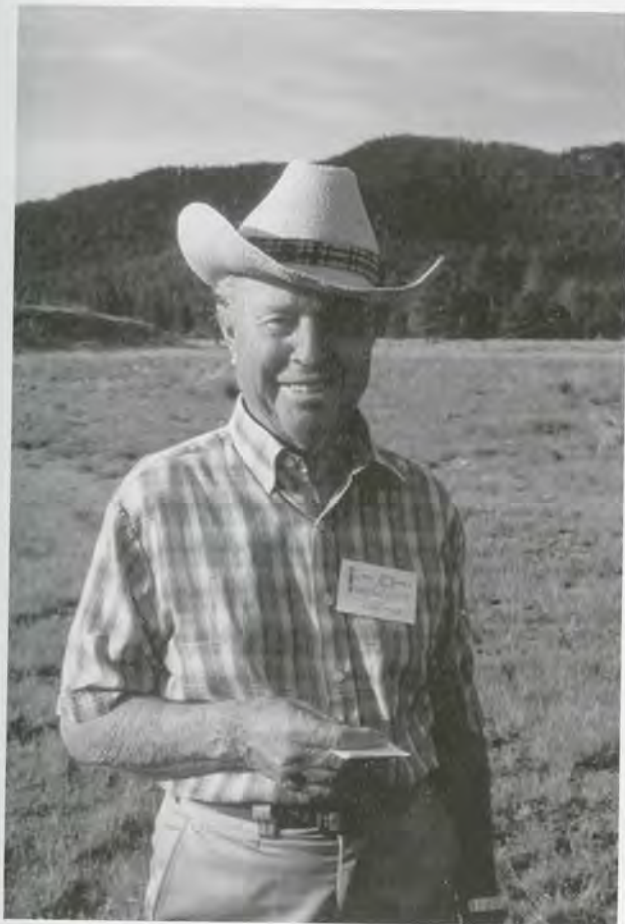
In the mid-1970s he began his research on Canyon de Chelly, which he described as a "stupendous" and "spectacular" site. In his 1978 *Canyon de Chelly: Its People and Rock Art*, he wrote, "I salute my companions who shared with me the grueling climbs and the joys of discovery in the great canyons—Wes Buerkle, Rob Bowler, and especially John Cawley, who has been with me on countless trips into the remote areas of the West in search of our common en-

thusiasm." Campbell dedicated this book to the memory of Kee Begay, the Navajo who had guided the expedition on several trips, and "helped us locate some very fine sites near his birthplace, Many Cherry Canyon." Kee was killed in the Canyon just two days after their last trip.

Campbell's final book was *The Rock Art of North American Indians* (1983), for Cambridge University Press' "The Imprint of Man," series.

The books were the inspiration for many decorative arts, from murals to T-

Campbell Grant at an American Rock Art Research Association meeting, 1975. The artist's seminal work on Native American rock art was his "great adventure."



shirts and coffee mugs. Murals based on Campbell's books may be seen at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, Carpinteria City Hall, Ventura City Hall, the Goleta Public Library, the Eastside Library in Santa Barbara, and in Girvetz Hall at UC Santa Barbara.

"Back to the Mountains"

By his late seventies, Campbell's health had begun to fail. Since his father Kenneth had lived to a hale 105, his family had assumed that he would do the same. I drove my parents on a last fishing trip to Idaho and the Umpqua River in the summer of 1988. I photographed my father as he cast the gleaming line into the water, and waded

out to help him when it became tangled. On the way home we stopped to visit his cousin Grant Shaw, a retired photographer with the family gift for cartooning, in Rogue River, Oregon. There we saw several pieces of furniture from Campbell's grandfather's house in Oakland, including the glass-fronted bookcase where he recalled having seen those "wonderful children's books." They had been the beginning of his lifelong love affair with books and reading. Continuing south, we stopped at the Cordes ranch in Gilroy where Campbell's mother had grown up, and visited with Cordes descendents. In Gonzales, we believed we located the old house and water tower that played a key role in one of the rollicking adventure stories Kenneth Grant used to tell his grandchildren. It was a sentimental journey.

In 1989 the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, which now houses the Campbell Grant Archives, held a retrospective exhibit of his reconstructions of Chumash cave art. The grand opening was a gala event, where Campbell, wearing a Grant tartan necktie, greeted friends and well-wishers. At that time, Vincent Stanley wrote in the *Santa Barbara Independent*, "It is proper justice for our times, when knowledge is fragmented and so much the province of specialists, that the efforts of a single generalist, a curiosity-smitten painter quietly sleuthing in our local back country, could help revive national interest in a forgotten and abandoned field."¹⁸

Campbell lived to see the color plate proofs of the reprint of *The Rock Paintings of the Chumash*, which had been long out of print. He died at home on March 24, 1992, and his ashes were buried on the ranch. His son Gordon spoke at his funeral at All Saints by-the-Sea Church. That June, the Carpinteria Valley Association, a preservationist organization Campbell had co-founded, dedicated a plaque to him in Toro Canyon Park. In it are echoes of the plaque to his grandfather, George Grant, atop Mt. Tamalpais, which reads, "Back to the

Mountains in the Fullness of Life." Campbell's plaque, on a huge sandstone boulder, reads, "He gave back to the mountains what was so freely given. Campbell Grant, 1909-1992. Lover of the Native Land and Spirit."

On that occasion, Gordon North Grant, a published poet, spoke about his father's love of nature, and ended by urging his listeners to share their stories with their children. He concluded:

And when you tell your children, sitting around the campfire of your lives in the ancient way, I hope you will tell them also about a man named Campbell Grant, who walked the secret places of the hills and knew their names, and took the time to tell us something of their intrinsic magic, in his paintings of the West, in his collections of minerals and butterflies and plants, in his teaching of art, in his reconstruction of the Indian records, in the goals of the Carpinteria Valley Association, in the modesty and vitality of his person, who loved it all past the power of words to say, and sought its celebration everywhere. My father, the green man, who inhabits now in the utter nature of all time, an antique puzzle, present and not present, hovering at the edges of sight, a secret bird in the forests of departure. We shall not see his like again, except in our dreams.



Acknowledgments

I wish to acknowledge the assistance of my brother, Gordon North Grant, and of Annie Hollister, daughter of Blossom Owen Hollister, in preparing this account.

NOTES

1. "Gordon Grant. His Work and His Love: The Sea, Men and Their Ships," *The Statesman*, July-August, 1957.
2. *Gilroy, Home of the Prune. Santa Clara County, California*, n.d.
3. Kenneth Grant, December 1976. Tape recording in the collection of the Grant family.
4. Gordon Grant, *Sail Ho!* (New York: William Farquhar Payson, 1931).
5. Campbell Grant. Interview by Harvey Bennett, 31 May 1979. Carpinteria Valley Historical Society, 29.
6. Campbell Grant. Interview by Betty Lochrie Hoag, 4 June 1966. Smithsonian Archive of American Art, 9. See <http://artarchives.si.edu/oralhist/grant65>
7. *Morning Press* (Santa Barbara), 23 May 1935.
8. Hoag, 11.
9. Don Allen Shorts, *Post Office Murals by Gordon Grant*, 1999, brochure.
10. Hoag, 11.
11. *Ibid.*
12. "Campbell Grant's Art Display Attracts Praise from Gamble," *Morning Press* (Santa Barbara), 4 January 1933.
13. Gordon North Grant to Polly Hamilton, 20 April 1996. Comment by David Hellyer is recounted in the letter.
14. "Art and Artists," *Morning Press* (Santa Barbara), circa February 1936. Clipping in collection of the Grant family.
15. *Santa Barbara News-Press*, 2 March 1940; 4 March 1940.
16. Bennett, 33-35.
17. Bennett, 3.
18. "Campbell Grant: Unearthing Chumash Rock Art," *Santa Barbara Independent*, 16 March 1989.

